

# The Evening World

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## THE CAREFREE CAUCUS.

OF THE thirty-two Senators whose terms expire in 1921, and whose seats will be filled in the November elections, fifteen are Republicans. They are:

Brandagee	Spencer	Penrose
Sherman	Moore	Smoot
Watson	Wadsworth	Dillingham
Cummins	Gronna	Jones
Capper	Harding	Leahoot

Any one even slightly familiar with American politics knows that two-thirds of the men listed have become a habit—good or bad—with the electors of our States. Any contest would be a mere formality. Nothing short of an earthquake and landslide combined could shake them loose.

The year 1914, in which these men were elected, was a good year for reactionaries. The faithless who strayed into the Bull Moose fold were coming back in repentance and willing to take almost anything that bore the party label.

This list helps explain the carefree support of the soldier bonus accorded by the G. O. P. caucus in the House.

Every member of the House has to face election and wants to "point with pride" in soliciting the soldier vote.

Bonus advocates in the House are depending on the Senate to kill the bill. Senators can do so more conveniently because only one-third need to seek re-election next November, and most of these have their seats clinched in advance.

This list is one more testimonial to the predominantly political character of bonus legislation.

## CHRONIC BACKSLIDERS.

SENATOR THOMAS, in patches, reading a sermon on the "High Cost of Loafing" to his fellow loafers in the Senate, recalls a story of a hobo, even more ragged but without the patches.

Wandering Willie appeared at the kitchen door in search of food. Judging the housewife to be a pious woman, he professed deep religious convictions and pointed to the raggedness of his knees as evidence of his prayers for salvation.

His hands laden with food, he turned away, revealing the lamentable fact that the seat of his trousers was as worn as his knees. Asked how this happened, Willie replied, "Oh, that's where I've backslid."

Judging by results it is fair to suspect that there are more shiny trouser seats in the Senate than there are bagged knees or tattered elbows. The Senate has been doing nothing but backsliding for eighteen months.

## FIVE SUITS APIECE.

ACCORDING to statistics compiled by the National Sheep and Wool Bureau, the wool warehouses of the country contained 700,000,000 pounds of virgin wool last September.

More figures of this size convey little information, but the amount was materially larger than the average annual production.

To be visualized this quantity needs to be reduced to simpler terms.

It is estimated that the average man's suit contains about two and one-half pounds of wool. So 700,000,000 pounds of wool would provide material for 280,000,000 suits.

There are about 50,000,000 men and boys over five years of age in the United States. So 280,000,000 suits would equal five suits each, with an allowance for odd trousers.

Of course, not all the wool goes into suits. There are blankets, women's clothes, &c., to be considered, but it is hard to view such figures and escape the conviction that wool has been hoarded.

Individual profiteers have a heavy responsibility. So too has the Government, which has retained heavy stocks acquired during the war to prevent a "break in the market," and has been accessory to the hoarders by supplying credit through the Federal Reserve Banking System.

## VETO MONTH.

NEW YORK legislators "got out from under" on much undesirable legislation. They obeyed united minorities and passed on the results to Gov. Smith with the expectation that he would use the veto.

This seems to have been the case with daylight saving.

Provincial legislators and some with axes to grind repealed "daylight saving" to cater to the over-represented minority in the country.

This left Gov. Smith the disagreeable job of settling a matter which the Legislature should have settled.

Gov. Smith has not flinched. Even the farmers who fail to agree with him can scarce fail to admire his courageous and independent use of the veto power.

His "veto month" following adjournment of the Legislature has added appreciably to the Governor's political stature.

## A RUSTY LINK.

TRUCKMEN'S strikes and resulting congestion at piers and freight terminals during the past few weeks have again proved to this city that one of the worst kinks in the transportation problem is the present trucking system.

Why should the so-called movement of freight in New York look so often like a log-jam?

Why should outgoing goods block incoming goods, while empty trucks stand in endless lines because a given truck is permitted to fulfill only its appointed errand of taking some small consignment to or from a special consignee or consignor?

Why the enormous waste of energy and space represented by partially loaded trucks and empty trucks standing hour after hour in one another's way, while freight piles up at the terminals and shippers' losses multiply?

It is hard to explain the irrational backwardness and clumsiness that have clung to methods of handling freight in this city.

It is hard to explain why the trucking interests themselves have not seen more business and profit in co-operating to establish a system that would mean full trucks, quick movement and minimum loss in idleness.

Such a system, since known as the "store-door-delivery" plan, was urged by The Evening World two years ago.

Under this plan all the trucks in the city could be mobilized to move full loads of goods from freight terminals on a plan of first come, first filled.

Incoming freight would be trucked at once to the doors of consignees, and the same trucks that delivered goods would be used wherever possible to pick up goods from shippers for carriage to outgoing trains or vessels.

Trucking service would be paid for on the basis of weight or bulk and charged to consignees. A ticket system would enable individual truckmen and trucking concerns to adjust their dues and claims daily through the medium of a clearing house maintained by the co-operating trucking interests.

This may not be as simple as the practice in England, where the railroads operate their own trucks both for delivering and collecting goods, so that shipments move under one control from store door to store door.

Nevertheless it would represent a long step ahead of the antiquated trucking methods that are now constantly tangling themselves up and defeating their own ends in New York.

The Merchants' Association of this city was and is another strong supporter of the "store-door-delivery" plan, which was recommended by Interstate Commerce Commissioner Harlan and adopted and all but given a trial by Mr. McAdoo when he was Director General of Railroads in 1918.

The Merchants' Association has arranged for next Tuesday a meeting of New York business men to consider remedies for the intolerable and costly confusion into which the city's trucking facilities have fallen.

The store-door-delivery proposal is certain to be revived.

It ought to be worked out in detail and vigorously pushed.

Every effort should be made to show truckmen—both employers and employed—that here is a co-operative plan which promises more business and better returns.

They will find it more profitable than wrangling.

## ANYTHING OR NOTHING.

INTENT on "going into politics again," the National Association of Manufacturers have decided to hold conventions at Chicago and San Francisco for the purpose of influencing the parties to adopt platforms in accord with the declaration of principles which the manufacturers framed this week.

Such a convention will be a necessity at Chicago at least. Some one with authority to speak for the Association will be needed to interpret its declaration, particularly the plank on foreign trade and the tariff, which the Times summarizes as follows:

"The tariff policy should be framed in the light of present conditions and of its relation to a scientific revision of our system of taxation. We must by every means facilitate foreign trade, but at the same time adequately protect the high standards of our industrial life. We favor a definite and liberal policy toward our allies in the war, with respect to their indebtedness to us, to the end that there may be a prompt re-establishment of foreign exchange and trade conditions on a sound basis.

This little gem of circumlocution might mean almost anything. What the manufacturers intend it to mean remains to be seen.

"Facilitating foreign trade" would seem to involve the overthrow of that hoary old Republican tradition of the protective tariff—even at the expense of the Du Pont dye interests. "By every means" is a most indefinite and all-inclusive term.

"Definite and liberal policy" in foreign indebtedness may mean anything or nothing.

The world has moved. Whatever of merit the protective system may have had in the past, our trade relations are on a new footing. Republican Party managers no longer hanker for protection, but are wondering how they can un-educate those who have been taught the gospel of "Protection and Prosperity."

Maybe the manufacturers can help.

## Bait!



## FROM EVENING WORLD READERS

What kind of a letter do you find most readable? Isn't it the one that gives you the worth of a thousand words in a couple of hundred?

There is fine mental exercise and a lot of satisfaction in trying to say much in few words. Take time to be brief.

### The One-Piece Bathing Suit.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

A number of people (notably of the feminine gender) have denounced the action of Police Capt. Byron E. Sackett in forbidding the wearing of one-piece bathing suits on the beach at Coney Island. They state of "a lack of artistic sense" and condemn all objects as having "unappreciative minds incapable of discerning the high expression of art" in this vulgar display.

Now, granting that one individual out of a thousand who visits the beach is an ardent admirer of the "human form divine" from an artistic standpoint, the chances are that this particular enthusiastic art fan will not be found wandering along the beach in his search for inspiring subjects, but is more likely to be discovered elsewhere on a search for some real art (not to disparage the possibilities of the human form in possessing that display).

Though they protest vigorously against censorship and insist that their motives are of the highest artistic order, these persons in their flagrant disregard of all propriety and their lack of decency have in their innermost hearts the desire to please the onlooker by an exhibition of the animal spirits, and want nothing more than to arouse an ardent admiration of their charms by working on the baser emotions rather than the artistic.

Of course it is lamentable that their altruistic endeavors are almost wholly unappreciated by an ungrateful public, which apparently does not relish their assuming the task of conducting its elevation to a higher plane of art, or having its subjects of what constitutes that art selected by a bunch of self-appointed disciples of Neptune, Venus, Trotsky and what not.

From the tone of this letter it must not be surmised that the writer is either an old fogey or a hypocrite. He can, and no doubt would, look as long and hard at the next fellow if confronted with the spectacle of one of those exponents of "art in the discard." The only distinction is that he appreciates that we have men like Capt. Sackett who are bold enough to venture the storming criticism of these fanatics by applying such stringent measures for our good. We like the point: For our good! We like to do some things even when we know they are bad for us. But don't we appreciate it when somebody makes it easier for us to be good?

Brooklyn, May 19, 1920. C. E. S.

### No Longer "Orthodox."

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I have voted for every Republican candidate for President since Blaine. I have been orthodox—but never again.

The Republican candidates for the Presidential nomination all seem to be hard at the next fellow if confronted with the spectacle of one of those exponents of "art in the discard." The only distinction is that he appreciates that we have men like Capt. Sackett who are bold enough to venture the storming criticism of these fanatics by applying such stringent measures for our good. We like the point: For our good! We like to do some things even when we know they are bad for us. But don't we appreciate it when somebody makes it easier for us to be good?

On the other hand, what about the men who are receiving \$25 to \$35 per week and are not fortunate enough to be connected with a banking house that has been paying a bonus of about 10 per cent. of their yearly salary every three months. If that may be the case then I say good luck to you and hope you will always receive that.

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## UNCOMMON SENSE

By John Blake

(Copyright, 1920, by John Blake.)

LEARN TO LISTEN.

Talking is good mental exercise. The gift of speech raises us above the lower animals. To prosper you must talk well. However good qualities you may have, they will profit you nothing unless you can impress other people with the fact that you possess them.

This you must do in spoken words. Learn to talk, and learn to talk well. And remember that the first step in learning to talk is learning to listen.

You will never get information while you are talking. The wealth of thought that is in the minds of other men can be gained only by listening.

Often you can make an excellent impression on a man of intelligence by listening. A few intelligent replies or comments will show him that you know how to listen. And he will judge you by your ability as a listener.

Some of our best public speakers have developed their power of expression by listening to other public speakers.

The actor who does not listen and make use of every inflection that he hears would better give up the stage. He will never be a good actor.

All men like to hear themselves talk, whether they talk well or not. And talking does them no harm, if it is practiced in moderation.

But, remember, it is the listener not the talker who learns to talk well, and the man who does not talk well would far better hold his tongue.

Learn to talk by all means. The statesman, the salesman, the lawyer, even the physician, all succeed better if they talk well.

But the surest and best way to learn to talk is by listening. Do a great deal of that in your youth, and you will talk far better in the years when other people are more ready to listen to you.

K., what that means to the man who has a family to support? If you do not realize that, then your conception of present day conditions is very small.

FRANK JENNINGS.  
New York, May 19, 1920.

The British Navy.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:

As I am a constant reader of The Evening World, I take the liberty of thanking you for publishing Arthur G. J. Whitehouse's, Livingston, N. J., article on the British Navy. I also thank him, and when I read it seemed just wonderful to hear for the very first time during my ten months in New York some one give a little thought and appreciation to what my country did.

I am only a little "Brighty girl," twenty years of age, and though I think America is "top-hole," my only grievance against her is her continued insults for the last ten months toward the British Navy.

England is not asleep and when John Bull reads President Wilson's accusations it will cause a great resentment and antagonistic feelings between England and America.

One has only to sit and think of the British Navy and marvel at her glorious modesty, her victories and never "boasted" except in the British Navy.

## TURNING THE PAGES.

By Otis Peabody Swift

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### Our Native Birds.

A few mornings ago a small crowd gathered, silent, delightedly tiptoeing closer as a red-winged blackbird splashed and splattered through his morning bath in the fountain at 120th Street and Riverside Drive. He was a stranger in the city; a transient guest of the day, winging northward to summer nesting grounds. And the city children, knowing only the "chippies" and robins of the parks, looked on him with awe.

"What Bird Is That?" a new bird book by Frank M. Chapman, curator of birds in the American Museum of Natural History, would have answered their eager questions. For among many bird books that have come to us this is one of the most practical, workable books for the nature lover. It not only shows the color and chief markings of each bird, but also the relative size by means of group color pictures. Every land bird east of the Rocky Mountains (301 in all) is pictured, and the accompanying text describes the distinguishing features, range, nest, eggs and song of each bird.

A valuable feature is the fact that the little volume fits easily into the pocket, and hence is excellent for the walker who wants to study the birds along his way. D. Appleton is the publisher.

### A New Conrad Novel.

"The Rescue," a new story of the Malayan Archipelago by Joseph Conrad, is announced for publication today by Doubleday, Page & Co.

### Our Soldier Dead in France.

"We can forget the dead in the off fields of Flanders and France. But we MUST not forget them; we must PLEDGE ourselves not to forget them. If we forget, swift and terrible will be our spiritual loss. For then the supreme sacrifice which they made will fail to be an atonement for the world, and we, individually, will suffer personal loss in spiritual presences around us, in tender communion, in happy, holy fellowship, in sweet and sustaining consolation, and in religious transports and purification of soul. For, as we shall see, if we do not constantly remember our dead in France, and Flanders, then, shall they be really dead, and have DIED IN VAIN."

Thus John Daniel Logan, Canadian journalist and critic, in his essay introduction to his volume of poems, "The New Apocalypse and Other Poems of Days and Deeds in France," calls upon us to remember our dead. The book is a remarkable denial of death; it gives the doctrine of the living dead, the dead of the world in France, whose deeds and whose ideals are with us still in spirit.

Dr. Logan served through the war as Sergeant in the 16th Battalion, Nova Scotia Highlanders, Canadian Infantry, British Expeditionary Forces. His book is more than a book of the war, it is the living, vital personal story of the unit, a group that, fighting far from their homeland, fighting on a foreign soil for the cause of humanity, carried on through Vimy Ridge and Passchendaele the traditions of British fighting men.

All men who have faced peril in war have found that feeling, the realization that death is a little thing, mortal life, and not to be feared. Almost every poet of the war has echoed this feeling, and Dr. Logan's poem "The Choir Invisible" is a memorial of the soldier-singers, McCrack, Langstaff and Trotter, Alan Seeger and Joyce Kilmer. "Nanine," a war incident of the Somme valley in 1917, tells of a young girl, a French child such as many Americans have known, while "Let There Be Laughter," written on H. M. S. Olympic, is the spirit with which Canada fought in the war.

### What Is a Day's Work?

At seventy-three, Thomas A. Edison said he was glad the eight-hour day had not been invented when he began to work and that there was no agitator to prevent his putting his best into every day's work. No one would wish to return to the twelve or fourteen-hour day. A reasonably short day has been found to be profitable to employer as well as just to employee. But the day may be made so short as to overstep the bounds of justice and to wipe out profit. That is the situation at present. The demand for higher wages, coupled with the demand for a shorter day (which means lowered production), spells economic disaster. —From Leslie's.

### The Philosophy of Cookery.

There is a great field for the philosophic epicure in the United States. Boston beans may be dismissed as once as delusions, but soft-shelled crabs, terrapin, canvas-back ducks, bluefish and the pompano of New Orleans are all wonderful delicacies, particularly when one gets them at Delmonico's. Indeed, the two most remarkable bits of scenery in the United States are undoubtedly Delmonico's and the Yosemite Valley, and the former place has done more to promote a good feeling between the United States and America than anything else has in this century.

Oscar Wilde in "A Critic in Pall Mall."

Oscar Wilde was a critic who created rather than destroyed. His criticism was one that threw a glow of imagination across any book, playing with it until the lights and shadows were carefully refined and the story took a new and brighter color from his critical analysis. He lends his review of "Embroidery and Lace: Their Manufacture and History From the Remotest Antiquity to the Present Day," as a "Fascinating book," and when one has completed the review your first instinct is to hasten out and buy a copy of "Embroidery and Lace" immediately.

Wilde's criticism has been collected by E. V. Lucas and published by Putnam under the title "A Critic in Pall Mall." One of Wilde's critical aims of a book is given above. All are equally delightful. All are well suspect, much better reading than the books themselves.

I am a postal clerk.  
A FAITHFUL READER.  
New York, May 18, 1920.